



A HAPPY NEW YEAR to us, one and all, my friends—and the kind of happy year, too, that will leave us better than it finds us. There is always room for improvement, even in folks who read ST. NICHOLAS. And now we'll take up

THE YULE LOG.

WHAT kind of wood is a yule log? It need not come from a yew tree. No, indeed. Yew trees are sad, as a rule; but the yule log always has merry Christmas in its heart, and is cheery even when it is passing away in the bright glow of the hearthstone. There are many pretty stories about the yule log, and as for its being associated with Christmas and jollity, the dear Little Schoolma'am says you have only to search your big dictionaries to find *that* out. Once discover what the word "jolly" comes from, and you will see that words sometimes are most unexpectedly related. In Denmark, in speaking of Christmas Day, they call it "*Yule*" and spell it "J-u-u-l." Now, is n't that queer?

AN ESKIMO JOURNAL.

I AM not at all sure that any of you, my hearers, wish to subscribe to an Eskimo journal; but if you should have such a thing in contemplation, it might be well for you to begin at once learning the name of one which the Little Schoolma'am says was held in high esteem by the Eskimos as late as 1874. She says it may be even more prosperous to-day, but she cannot be absolutely sure of this as she is not one of its constant readers. Here is the pretty name of this journal:

ATUAGAGLDLIUTIT NALINGINARMIK TUSARUM-
INÁSASSUMIK UNIVKAT.

You will find it mentioned, I am told, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. VIII., page 546,

and its name is thus translated: "*Something for Reading. Accounts of all Entertaining Subjects.*"

THE WATCH AS A COMPASS.

NEW YORK, November 12th.

DEAR MR. JACK: The other night, when we all were sitting around a big fire, my brother read aloud this astonishing bit of news from the evening paper:

Point the hour-hand of a watch at the sun, that is in a horizontal direction toward the sun. Then the south point will be just half-way between the hour-hand and the XII point.

Well, we were instantly interested, of course, and upon examining papa's watch, it did seem to be as the paper said; but we decided that the best way would be to try it by the real sun itself. It seemed a long way off—but we waited.

And, the next morning, when the sun shone clear and bright, we children tried that experiment with every watch in the house, and *the rule worked perfectly!* Brother Leslie even gave me the little compass from his guard-chain because, as he said, he should n't need it any more. We flew about borrowing everyone's watch, and "trying" till mama said we might as well all have been weather-vanes. We wanted to turn the parlor clock over on its back, but they would n't let us. Yes, sir; morning, noon, and sundown, the rule worked. Ask the boys and girls to try it.

Yours, MABEL J. S—.

A LONG JOURNEY FOR WHAT?

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1890.

DEAR JACK: As you and your chicks seem to be interested to find out things about natural history, I would like to submit this question to their examination. At dinner to-day my eye happened to rest on the milk pitcher. I noticed a fly alight on the rim and put down a grain of sugar, nicely balanced on the edge of the pitcher. Then he rubbed his fore legs together as flies often do—and, trying to take hold of the grain again, he started to walk along the edge of the pitcher. Well, he did not have a good hold of the grain and so dropped it, and it fell into the milk. Now, the question is, what object had he in carrying it, and where was he going? The sugar-bowl was clear across the table, about four feet, so he must have had some reason for his labor. C. B—.

SEVEN THIRSTY ELEPHANTS.

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: One day a circus and menagerie train halted at the railway station on its way through this town. Of course there was great curiosity among the railroad men to inspect this queer special train; and with the others the engineer and the fireman of one of the locomotives in the yard left their posts for a short time to see the different menagerie cars.

When they came back and were ready to move their locomotive, they noticed that the cover of the

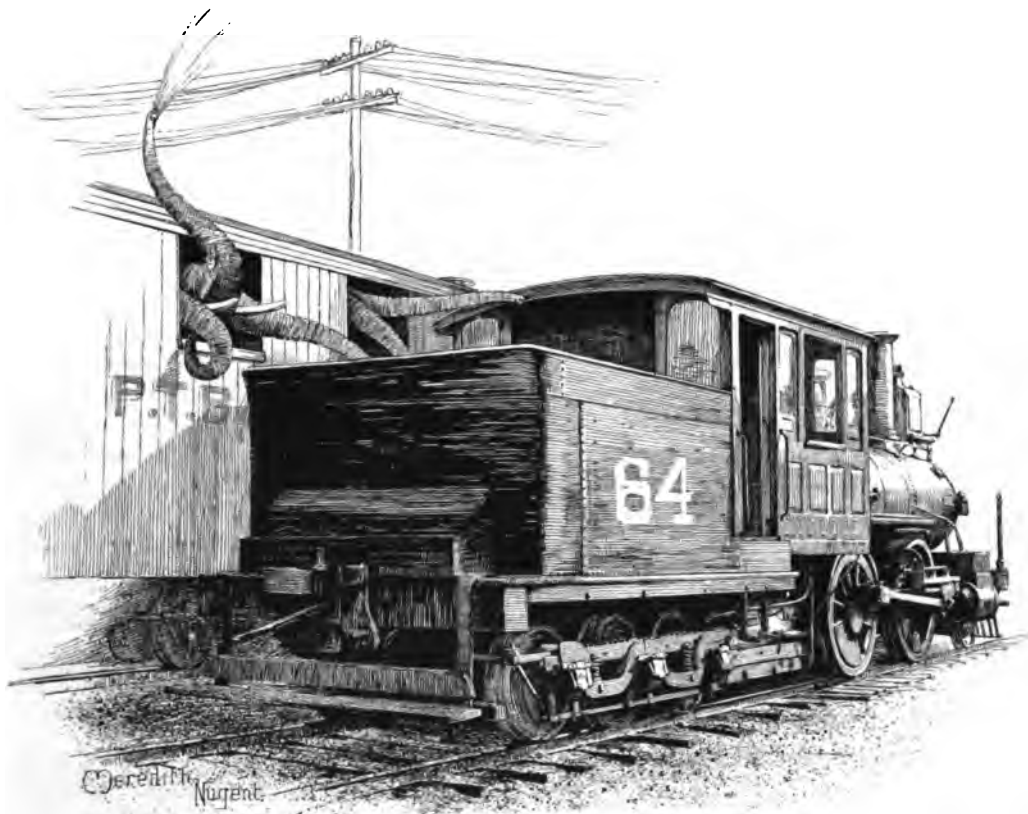
water-tank was open! Further, they luckily discovered that the tank was nearly empty — although it had been full to the brim when they left it.

Such an extraordinary thing had never happened before! No wonder there was great surprise on all sides; every one knew the tank was full when the men had left it; in fact some of the "hands" had seen it filled, neither was there a leak in it, and yet, the tank was empty. The question was, where had the water gone?

Seven thirsty elephants, shut up all day and all night in a car that gave them hardly room to move; their warm bodies fairly touching one another, a paltry allowance of water to quench their thirst, and, then, to be left standing on the hot railroad-track, the sun's rays pouring down

ample, then another, until seven trunks had felt and snuffed around, over engine, tender, and coal. What they sought was not there; but they still kept moving about, and, coming to the water-tank, one of them stopped, felt all over the cover, and at last managed to get the finger-like end under the edge of the cover. Then slowly and carefully it was opened; when, behold! there was what the elephants wanted — water, and plenty of it. The owner of that particular trunk took a long draught, its companions meanwhile shoving and pushing one another, in their anxiety to drink. One after another they filled their trunks with the cool water, and poured it down their dry parched throats.

How grateful! How refreshing! After the long dusty ride, with what keen enjoyment they squirted



THE ELEPHANTS HELP THEMSELVES.

upon the roof of the car, and with only such air as could come through the small open windows! Was it any wonder, when their keen scent told them water was near, that they should search for it? How were they to know that it was not there for their convenience. At any rate, no sooner were the men gone, than through a small window of the elephant car, the dusky trunk of an elephant made its way sinuously out. Another followed its ex-

ample, then another, until seven trunks had felt and snuffed around, over engine, tender, and coal. What they sought was not there; but they still kept moving about, and, coming to the water-tank, one of them stopped, felt all over the cover, and at last managed to get the finger-like end under the edge of the cover. Then slowly and carefully it was opened; when, behold! there was what the elephants wanted — water, and plenty of it. The owner of that particular trunk took a long draught, its companions meanwhile shoving and pushing one another, in their anxiety to drink. One after another they filled their trunks with the cool water, and poured it down their dry parched throats.

How grateful! How refreshing! After the long dusty ride, with what keen enjoyment they squirted

Yours truly,

M. B. D.



A GENTLE REMINDER.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

Time: Christmas morning.

Scene: Vicinity of everywhere. A cold day.

CHARACTERS.

A LITTLE GIRL, who is "not in it."

MR. SANTA CLAUS, a benevolent and well-meaning old gentleman, unusually fond of children.

COSTUMES.

LITTLE GIRL: à la ragbag.

MR. S. CLAUS: Furs and an engaging smile.

(MR. S. CLAUS enters during a paper snow-storm, carelessly swinging his empty pack.)

S. C.—My work is done, and now my goal
Is a little north of the old north-pole!

(LITTLE GIRL enters "left." Runs after S. C. and catches his coat.)

L.G.—But, Mr. Claus, one moment stay!
Listen, before you hurry away;
Neither in stocking nor on tree
Has any present been left for me!

S. C.—You've no present? That's too bad!
I'd like to make all children glad.
There's something wrong; the fact is
clear.

I'm very sorry indeed, my dear.

I brought an endless lot of toys
To millions and millions of girls and
boys.

But, still, there are so many about
Some have been overlooked, no doubt!

L. G.—Well, Santa Claus, I know you're kind,
And mean to bear us all in mind.
But I can't see the reason why
We poor are oftenest passed by.

S. C.—It's true, my child. I can't but say
I have a very curious way
Of bringing presents to girls and boys
Who have least need of pretty toys,
And giving books, and dolls, and rings
To those who already have such things.
'T is done for a very curious reason
Suggested by the Christmas season:
Should I make my gifts to those who need,
'T would become a time of general greed,
When all would think, "What shall we
get?"

"What shall we give?" they would quite
forget.

So when I send my gifts to-day
'T is a hint: "You have plenty to give
away."

And then I leave some poor ones out
That the richer may find, as they look about,
Their opportunities near at hand
In every corner of the land.
My token to those who in plenty live
Is a gentle reminder, meaning

Give!

(Curtain, and distribution of presents by the
thoughtful audience after they reach home.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an English girl, making my first visit to Washington, and I should like to tell you, as you are one of America's great friends, how much I like it.

I have been here since July, and since my arrival I have been to Canada, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, and a great many smaller cities; I think I like New York best of all.

I am traveling with my uncle and eldest brother. I have five other brothers; two are fifteen and seventeen years old, and they live in London with my papa; the others are grown, and one lives in St. Petersburg, Russia; one is in India, with his regiment, and the other is a naval officer. They are all very good to me, as I am the youngest of all, and they pet me a great deal; I think brothers are lovely, but I know some girls who think their brothers are horrid (some of them *are*).

I remain your loving admirer,

DOROTHEA V. DE C——.

JOY.

(By a young contributor.)

JOY is a beautiful thing—

It keeps sorrow back;

Joy makes the little birds sing,

And the little ducks go quack, quack.

EVELYN H. CHENEY.

NEW ALBANY, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I owe the pleasure of reading you to my uncle, who sends you to me as a birthday present. He could not have thought of anything nicer had he tried for years.

My little brother was once standing by the window during a heavy thunder-storm. He was told to come away and replied, "No, I want to see God light matches."

A good many have mentioned their different ways of making dolls, some with flowers, and some with potatoes; my way is to cut the pictures out of fashion plates, and arrange them in groups, some sitting, some lying down, and some leaning against tables or chairs.

Your sincere admirer,

FLORENCE L——.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little Canadian children, and we have something to tell you, which we hope may interest you. We have an uncle (by marriage), Chas. Corbould, Esq., who was a midshipman in his Majesty's service at the time of Napoleon's imprisonment at Elba.

The commander of his ship had at one time been a prisoner of war in France, and had received great kindness at the hands of the Emperor. So when his ship was near Elba he resolved to put in there, and go and pay his respects to Napoleon.

It so happened that Uncle Corbould was detailed to go with him on shore; we think he said he was "orderly for the day."

However, he went with the captain on shore, where the latter paid his respects to Napoleon, and, when the interview had ended, the great Emperor turned to Uncle

Corbould, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said to him in English:

"And you, my little man, how long have *you* served his Britannic Majesty?"

Affectionately yours,

ARTHUR AND HELEN D——.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have you ever had a letter from West Point? I have lived here three years, and like it very much. Of course you know what a lovely spot it is, for it is so near New York. I have lived in the army all my life. I was born at Fort Stevens, at the mouth of the Columbia River. I have lived at seven forts: Fort Stevens, Fort Monroe, Fort Trumbull, Fort Adams, Fort Snelling, Fort Warren, and here; though Fort Snelling and West Point are not real forts. I wonder how many little girls could tell in what States these forts are? I am ten years old. Your friend,

CORNELIA E. L——.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a literary cat; he is fond of newspapers. He will not lie in any chair that has not a paper in it. He has a paper for a table-cloth, which he carries on his back to a certain corner of the room, where he is fed. We call him the "Old Man." He is the greatest hunter anywhere around. Nearly every evening at nine o'clock, we hear him calling like an old mother cat, for us to come and see his prize; very often it is a large rat. I have three other nice cats; also pretty colts and calves.

My home is in the beautiful Berkshires, and I love it dearly. Your friend,

HELEN T. M——.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little shaver, three years and seven months, but have taken two of your volumes. Papa and grandma show me the pictures, and tell me the stories, for mama is not living. I have a big dog, and lots of books and toys, and go to kindergarten five mornings a week. I am going to stand in my express wagon to post this.

PERCY ARNOLD R——.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote you a letter quite a while ago, but it was not printed, and so I try again. Mama says I wrote in too much of a hurry. I never read a description of San José in the Letter-Box. It is a pretty town, situated between two mountain-ranges, in a valley filled with little fruit farms. We can have strawberries every month of the year. Sometimes in winter we can see snow on the mountains, when it is green in the valley. We can see Mount Hamilton from our house. On the summit of it is the Lick Observatory which has the greatest telescope in the world.

There are a great many people from the East and Europe who visit the observatory; they go with a six-horse team. They start about six o'clock in the evening, Saturday, and, after looking at the stars, return at three in the morning. Most people here go to the seaside or to the mountains during the summer months.

Your loving reader,

MABEL M——.

GEORGETOWN CONVENT, WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen many letters to you about your charming "Lady Jane," I think I will write you that it is the greatest success of the season. Mrs. Jamison certainly is a delightful writer, and we hope "Lady Jane" will not be the last gem from her pen. Dear Lady Jane is so fascinating, and Tite Souris so comical.

The letter from "An Admirer of the ST. NICHOLAS," speaks of "The Iturbide," once the palace of the Emperor Iturbide, and now a hotel in that old city of Mexico. This made me conclude to tell you that we girls have the grave of one of the daughters of the ex-Emperor in our cloister, and the sisters often show it to us when we go through the convent once a year. Perhaps you have read in the life of John Quincy Adams, his reflections on the fleeting honors of this world, while he was crowning the ex-Princess at one of the commencements in this old convent. On Miss Iturbide's tombstone the date, Oct. 2, 1828, seems a long time ago to youngsters. I must say good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.
 Yours, MARY W.—

TUXTLA, MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Papa is the chief engineer on the M. P. L. I have two sisters and one brother.

We have four parakeets. I have one horse of my own. The natives here are lazy. They wear clothes that do not cost more than two dollars a year. You can buy here six oranges for a cent and a half.

We live in the southern part of Mexico, on the Pacific Ocean. We came from Tonalá here on horseback, one hundred and fifty miles. At one time we were three thousand feet above the ocean, twenty-four miles south of us.

The houses are made of mud bricks; they are square, with a courtyard in the middle.

They raise three crops of corn in a year.

They have coffee plantations here; the coffee is good.

There is a church here that they know, without a doubt, to be one hundred and fifty years old, and many believe to be much older. I have lived here ten months, but I can not speak much Spanish.
 J. D. O.—

We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and sometimes we have a long wait for it. When it comes there is a grand rush for it.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Quebec—quaint, picturesque, old Quebec—was one of the most interesting, by far, of the places I visited last summer, and it may be that a few words concerning "The Gibraltar of America" will not be out of place. I enjoyed the Thousand Islands, the Rapids of the noble St. Lawrence, and sight-seeing in Montreal; but Quebec took me by storm. It is very easy, when strolling about the narrow streets of this fascinating old town, to realize that one is in a city nearly three centuries old, and not hard to realize that one is not at home. The city is intensely foreign in aspect. "Quebec is the most fascinating city I've ever seen," said one Buffalo girl, and I, though I have seen many of the most famous places in both the Old World and the New, consider it one of the most picturesque and interesting I've ever beheld. I boarded, while there, in the family of a French Protestant clergyman, where grace was said at the table in the French language, by a gentleman from Montreux, Switzerland. As we approached the city on the morning of the first of August, and I

looked from the steamer's deck—I could not bear to enter a city like Quebec by rail—to the Citadel, and saw the British colors flying in the breeze, I thought, with a thrill at my heart: "Oh! how much it cost to plant those colors there!" Of course I visited the Plains of Abraham, and saw the Monument with its impressive inscription: "Here Wolfe fell, victorious." There is much to see in this old-time city, and yet when I told a business man whom I met on the St. Lawrence that I had spent a week in Quebec, he exclaimed in forcible, if not classic, diction: "Land! I would n't stay in Quebec longer than a day and a half, if you'd pay me." But I stayed in the old French town a week only to realize that I would like to stay a fortnight. How I enjoyed going up and down Breakneck Staircase, in picturesque Little Champlain Street, strolling up and down the Terrace, where all Quebec walks at will, and looking upon the view of great and varied beauty it commands; going to the Montcalm Market where, on Fridays and Saturdays, the French *habitans* from the surrounding country congregate with their stock of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and last, but not least, strolling up and down the ancient streets of the Lower Town. Quebec streets have queer names: as, Holy Family, Lachevrotiere, D'Aiguillon, Sous Le Fort, etc. But, however much I may enjoy Quebec as a tourist, I'm glad that I don't live there.

I miss Buffalo's shade-trees, Buffalo's verandas, Buffalo's beautiful homes; in short, Buffalo's beauty. Now I am in the "Queen City of the Lakes," and from the window at which I sit and write, I can look out upon the beautiful, blue Niagara, and upon the International Bridge between the British dominions and our own. But I'll not say another word for fear of saying too much.
 JULIA B. H.—

LINCOLN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you about my seeing little Elsie Leslie here in Lincoln. She was only here one night; she played in the "Prince and the Pauper," which is one of Mark Twain's stories.

I enjoyed seeing the play ever so much, and would not have been so interested if I had not read that interesting article in your magazine about "Elsie Leslie."

The serial story you just commenced in the November number, entitled "The Boy Settlers," is very interesting to me, because I am familiar with the place in which the scene was laid. All my life till three months ago was spent within twenty miles of Dixon. I have heard my grandfather quite often speak of Father Dixon. My grandfather has seen him a good many times.

My grandfather lives at Fulton, where the Howells and Bryants crossed the Mississippi.

Your devoted reader, BESSIE H. N.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Margaret H. D., Ethelwynne K., Lilian S., Charlotte T., Gaston O. W. G. and A. B., M. B. C., Monica B., Carrie R. E., W. Neyle C., June B., Harold R. T., Beatrix S. M., William H. H., Sarah E. C., Lycurgus J. W., Katie D., Edward A. H., Paul A. L., Walter F. S., Abigail G., E. P. L., Will D., Clara M., Nannie B. G., Morty J. K., Mary L. B., Josie E. D., A. W. W., Marion R., Winifred C. D., Cora and Mary, Nora M., Charles W., Olive P., Adelaide Y. M., Lilly M., Edith H., Ethel H., Alice H., G. B. S., Cecelia C., Fannie, Elsie, and Louise B., Rose L., S. W. D. and S. M. McL., Yronne, Rita McN., Elsie T., Helen S., Laura Van A., Lucile E. T., Jennie McC. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Drama. 2. Robed. 3. Abide. 4. Medal.
5. Adele. II. 1. Redan. 2. Evade. 3. Dazes. 4. Adept. 5. Nests.

PI. Send the ruddy fire-light higher;
Draw your easy-chair up nigher;
Through the winter, bleak and chill,
We may have our summer still.
Here are poems we may read,
Pleasant fancies to our need:
Ah, eternal summer-time
Dwells within the poet's rhyme!

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE. From 1 to 14, Sir Isaac Newton; 15 to 26, Christmas Day. Cross-words: 1. Chest. 2. Melon. 3. Tower.
4. Sacks. 5. Diary. 6. Snake. 7. Paint. 8. Fairy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Students, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Paul Reese—Maud E. Palmer—M. Josephine Sherwood—Mamma and Jamie—"The McGa."—"The Sisters"—Grace, Edith, and Jo—E. M. G.—Arthur Gride—Alice Mildred Blake—"Ays"—Jo and I—"Lehte"—"Mohawk Valley"—Ralph Rainsford—W. L.—Blanche and Fred—"The Owls"—Effe K. Talboys—Nellie L. Howes—Hollis Lapp—Aunt Martha and Mabel—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—"Miss Flint"—"The Wise Five"—"The Spencers"—"Uncle Mung"—"Nick McNick"—"Ida C. Thallon"—Pearl F. Stevens—"A Family Affair."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from M. Ella Gordon, 1—Maud E. Palmer, 10—Rosalind, 1—Phyllis, 2—Edythe P. J., 1—Honora Swartz, 4—"The Lancer," 2—A. H. Stephens, 1—R. MacNeill, 1—C. Bell, 1—A. M. Robinson, 1—Clara and Emma, 1—Mabel S. Meredith, 2—G. V., 1—Katie M. W., 9—Grace P. Lawrence, 6—H. M. C. and Co., 4—A. P. C., S. W., and A. W. Ashhurst, 9—Nellie, Ailie, and Lily, 1—Z. N. Z. K., 1—"B. and Soda," 1—Elsie LaG. Cole, 1—Clara, 5—Charles Blackburne Keefer, 5—W. W. Linsly, 3—Eliza F. D., 2—H. A. R., 10—"Two Dromios," 4—Victor V. Van Vorst, 4—"Paganini and Liszt," 9—Lisa Bloodgood, 5—Hubert Bingay, 10—"Pyc," 2—Sissie Hunter, 1—Robert A. Stewart, 9—Mabel S. R., 1—"Amer," 8—Grandma and Arthur, 8—"May and 79," 8—M. H. Perkins, 1—"Rector's Daughter," 4—Mary S. K., 1—Nellie and Reggie, 10—"Charles Beaufort," 10—Camp, 10—Emily Dembitz, 9—"Squire," 6—"H. P. H. S.," 4—"The Nutshell," 7—Bird and Moll, 10—Rachel A. Shepard, 10—Arthur G. Lewis, 9—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 6—C. H. P. and A. G., 9—Eugenie De Sael, 2—Adele Walton, 6—"Wallingford," 7—Dora Newton Bertie, 7—A. O. F., 4—"Mr. F's Aunt," 1.

SCOTTISH DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Diagonals: Hogmanay. Cross-words: 1. Hebrides. 2. Holyrood. 3. Bagpipes. 4. Balmoral. 5. Margaret. 6. John Knox. 7. Galloway. 8. Waverley.

ANAGRAM. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. P. 2. Bet. 3. Bides. 4. Pedants. 5. Tensile. 6. Stipend. 7. Slender. 8. Endured. 9. Derived. 10. Revived. 11. Devon. 12. Den. 13. D.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Batman. 2. Avert. 3. Teas. 4. Mrs. 5. At. 6. N. II. 1. Ecuador. 2. Cannon. 3. Unite. 4. Ante. 5. Doe. 6. On. 7. R.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Christmas, mistletoe.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Cross-words: 1. Trig. 2. Anne. 3. Rest. II. 1. Pair. 2. Arno. 3. Raft. III. 1. Anti. 2. Sear. 3. Pile.

WORD-BUILDING. I, in, sin, pins, snipe, ripens, pincers, princess.



NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the cross-words contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the first row of letters, reading downward, and the third row, reading upward, will both spell the same holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An old word meaning a watchword. 2. A subterfuge. 3. Stuffing. 4. Relating to the day last past. 5. Sooner. 6. Similarity. 7. Pertaining to the Rhine. 8. Cunning. 9. A rich widow. 10. A salt formed by the union of acetic acid with a base. 11. Citizens of New England.

ARTHUR GRIDE.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A black bird. 2. To love. 3. Elects. 4. Upright. 5. Abodes.

E. H. LAWRENCE.

OCTAGONS.

1. A vehicle. 2. A scriptural name meaning a palm tree. 3. Pertaining to heat. 4. A musical term meaning in a tender, slow manner. 5. The degree of honor above a knight. 6. Ascended. 7. A small house.

II. 1. A chariot. 2. A large basin. 3. A company of travelers. 4. Cupidity. 5. Became re-animated. 6. A kind of black snake. 7. A masculine nickname.

"SAM U. ELL."

CUBE.

1 2
5 6
3 4
7 8

FROM 1 to 2, a castle; from 2 to 4, referees; from 1 to 3, a large kettle; from 3 to 4, races; from 5 to 6, clear; from 6 to 8, fatiguing; from 5 to 7, oriental; from 7 to 8, opinions; from 1 to 5, to give up; from 2 to 6, one; from 4 to 8, drinks a little at a time; from 3 to 7, part of the day.

"KETTLEDUM."

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A color. 4. A small lake. 5. A retinue. 6. Ranking. 7. Pulling apart. 8. A city in Africa. 9. Conquering. 10. A superficial knowledge.

ELDRED AND ALICE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the primals will spell the name of one who was "without fear and without reproach"; the finals will spell the surname of a President of the United States; the primals and finals connected will spell the name of an author and traveler who was born on January 11, 1825.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A covering for the head. 2. A fleet of armed ships. 3. Annually. 4. Starry. 5. A kind of rust on plants. 6. A circuitous route. C. D.

DIAMOND.

1. In thimble. 2. A useful article. 3. Always on hand. 4. An Australian bird. 5. In thimble.

A. W. ASHHURST.

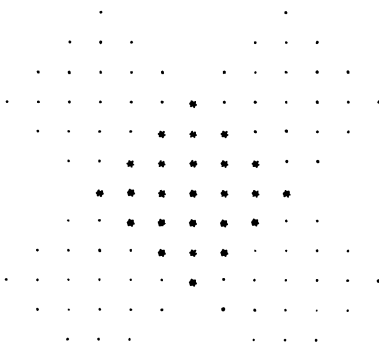
REVERSALS.

EXAMPLE: A recompense; to suppose. Answer, meed, deem.

1. A coal wagon; a place of public sale. 2. A famous island; having power. 3. A deceiver; to reproach. 4. The place where Napoleon gained a victory in 1796; an object of worship. 5. A volcano in Sicily; a Latin prefix. 6. Active; calamity. 7. One quarter of an acre; entrance. 8. To boast; clothing. 9. Wounded; the god of love. 10. To glide smoothly; an animal. 11. Therefore; an imaginary monster. 12. To look askance; a dance. 13. A share; a snare. 14. An exclamation of contempt; a band of wood.

All of the words described are of equal length, and, when reversed and placed one below the other, the initials will spell the name of an authoress who was born in England on January 1, 1767. DYCIE.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. A decree. 3. Limited to a place. 4. Concise. 5. Diminished in size. 6. A cover. 7. In lances.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances.

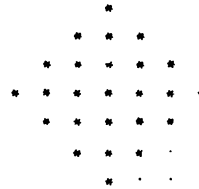
2. A sailor. 3. Wearies. 4. A traveling menagerie. 5. To carouse. 6. The chemical term for salt. 7. In lances.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. Three-fourths of a word meaning mysterious. 3. Natives of Denmark. 4. Part of a soldier's outfit. 5. A bird. 6. A diocese. 7. In lances.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. To injure. 3. A word used in architecture, meaning the plain surface between the channels of a triglyph. 4. A design colored for working in mosaic or tapestry. 5. To perch. 6. A drunkard. 7. In lances.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In lances. 2. A fish. 3. A mistake. 4. Irritable. 5. To free from restraint. 6. To deplore. 7. In lances. F. S. F.

PENTAGON.



ACROSS: 1. In Congress. 2. A vulgar person. 3. The Christian name of a poor toy-maker in "The Cricket on the Hearth." 4. The Indian cane, a plant of the palm family. 5. Modest. 6. A place of exchange. 7. To look for.

By cutting off the last letter of the fifth word, the last two of the sixth, and the last three of the seventh, a complete diamond will be left. COUSIN FRANK.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and twelve letters, and am a quotation from an essay entitled "New Year's Eve."

My 41-32-98 is large. My 76-94-47-18-10 is a young person. My 62-37-112-50-80 is to draw up the shoulders to express indifference. My 83-67-22-26-104 is part of a rake. My 6-73-88-59-44 is a small table. My 64-54-3-15-24-100-86 is a large boat with two masts, and usually rigged like a schooner. My 57-70-8-34-102 is to boast. My 43-96-49 is to dress in a fanciful manner. My 91-30-79 is an inhabitant of Hungary. My 107-1-53-110 is solitary. My 39-7-74-71 is in a short time. My 12-81-9-55 is to mulct. My 2-28-97 is marsh. My 90-65-52-4 is the hair of sheep. My 48-61-78-20-105 is tumult. My 68-101-25-31-58-14 and my 106-109-82-63-17-46, each names a marine bivalve. My 36-11-40-84 is one of an ancient tribe who took an important part in subverting the Roman empire. My 51-92-103-33-77 is to hurl. My 29-42-108-45-23 is a norm. My 16-75-69-72-19-38 is a package. My 93-27-13-95-66-85-99 5-111-60-21 is the author of the quotation on which this enigma is founded, and my 87-89-35-56 is the name under which he wrote. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

